The Sketch

No. 2533—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

OF THE BATTLES OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

*This young English Fighter Pilot, D.F.C. and Bar, is a veteran of the R.A.F., and took part in the Battles of France and of Britain.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

**The Old Kit-bag.** Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and take them to the Army Welfare Department. There you will get not only the encyclopædic knowledge of a Universal Aunt, but the tender care of a Loving Mother. This is one of the most remarkable developments of modern war. " Kiss me good night, Sergeant," we used to say, or—

" And we never get up till the
sergeant brings
Our breakfast up to bed."

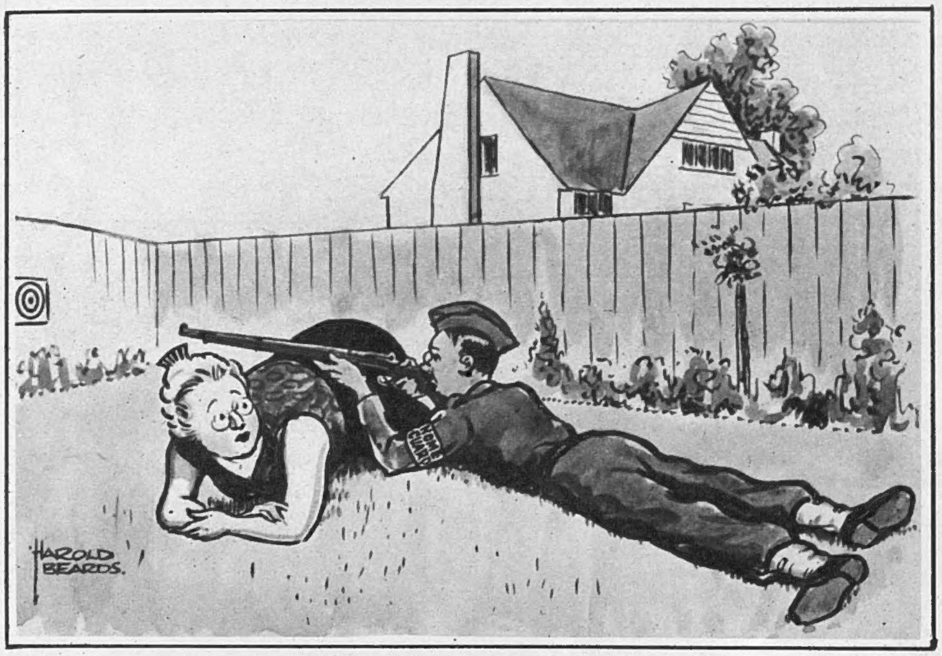
But I am afraid that we were being just a tiny little bit ironical when we paid these tributes to our non-commissioned officers; for in those Dark Ages sergeants and sergeant-majors sometimes lacked the qualities which go to make up Radiant Motherhood. It seems to have been the same in the British Army as far back as Shakespeare's day, for we all know the answer to Macbeth's abrupt question: " What bloody man is that ? " " Sir, it is the Serjeant." But manners have softened in our refined age; and, if what I read is true, when Pte. Atkins is worried, he runs and tells Serg. everything, and Serg. runs and tells Colonel everything, and Colonel, after drying his eyes, tells Adjutant everything, and Adjutant, choking back his sobs, passes it on to the Army Welfare Department, which removes worries as unfailingly as a Beauty Parlour removes wrinkles.

**Tell Auntie.** Has the missus got into arrears with the rent? Tell A.W.D. about it, and the landlord's heart of stone will be melted. Instalments fallen behind on the hire-purchase sewing-machine or piano? A.W.D. will hold the oppressor at bay and save the furniture from his clutches. No news from the family for a long time—and a *blitz* in the home-town, too? A.W.D. will send out its runners and find out whether no news is good news or bad. Reason to suspect that you may have accidentally committed bigamy in an unguarded moment? Make a clean breast of it to A.W.D. and know the worst—or the best. Any other trouble with the police? Brief A.W.D. for the defence, and all may yet be well. And — heaviest care of all—has absence, or a Munition Worker, made that distant heart grow fonder? If your dark suspicions are confirmed, leave it all to A.W.D., and, wherever you may be, whether in Pudsey or Palestine, in Torquay or Tobruk, all you will have to do will be to sign a few papers and the decree will be made absolute before you can say Bob 's Your Uncle.

**A.W.D. and U.P.A.** To the cynic, this governessing of Tommy may be a little suggestive of the benevolent régime of the *Mantelpiece* or of H.M.S. *Pinafore*. But, after all, the methods of Captain Reece were probably better than those of Captain Bligh; and in reality nothing could be more sensible than the inspired Nosey Parkerdom of A.W.D. The man on service, and often his wife at home, is helpless in many affairs, great and small, which affect his civilian life. He seldom has an effective proxy to settle his problems on the spot. In the Other War I have known many a good soldier worried into inefficiency by domestic problems which were quite beyond his control; and if Aunt A.W.D. can now come to the rescue of Troubled Tommy with system as well as sense, I think she is doing a valuable service not only to humanity but to efficiency—and one which I cannot imagine her rendering in totalitarian armies, where men are not men but machines. I do hope, however, that the advent of Auntie has not abolished that grand old Army institution, Urgent Private Affairs. A.W.D., by all means, but U.P.A. is the old soldier's immemorial privilege.

*" ' Liberty ! ', I said . . . and then I woke up."*

DRAWN BY ROGER K. FURSE.




*" It 's your contribution to the war effort, Jane—until I can get a couple of sandbags."*

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

**Squaring the Circle.** How A.W.D. does its multifarious work is a mystery to me; but then, this war is full of mysteries about which I constantly speculate. For example: " It is learned to-day in well-informed circles." Now, just *who*, I often wonder, make up these omniscient circles? Should I be putting it too high if I suggested that they are those " knowing," head-wagging and chin-wagging wiseacres whom Our Special Correspondent happens to meet in the bar or the smoking-room? They must be extraordinarily interesting fellows; sometimes they are diplomatic, sometimes military, and sometimes political " circles," or more often just " well-informed " or " authoritative " — but they are always circles, and not infrequently they seem to run round in circles. What makes them sometimes official, sometimes semi-official, and sometimes unofficial? Is it the difference between a hot tip from the jockey, a not-so-hot tip from a groom, and a stone-cold tip from a stable-boy's cousin's brother-in-law? Who is a " spokesman " and who appointed him such and how? By the way, spokesmen, nicely graded into the official and the unofficial, seem to be confined to the Wilhelmstrasse; one doesn't seem to run into spokesmen in Whitehall, one merely " learns in Whitehall." Whereabouts in Whitehall does one learn? So far as I remember, there are comparatively few licensed premises in that sedate thoroughfare. I do wish I grasped these fine shades of news-getting and news-giving; among other things, it would help me to understand why, when I open one paper, I get the impression that the Russians are winning a series of spectacular victories all along the line, and when I open another I am led to believe that they are being knocked against the ropes all round the ring.

**Black as Sin.** Another mystery of the war, and a profound one, is the type of open and defiant crime which has come to be known as the Black Market. We have been accustomed to think, in our complacent way, that the large-scale rackets of U.S.A. would be impossible in this law-abiding country; but it shakes one's faith a little in the forces of law and order that this nefarious traffic should be carried on with capital running to millions, with warehouses and fleets of lorries and all the accompaniments of Big Business. When Mr. J. R. Clynes warned us of all this, fully a year ago, we all thought that he had been reading too much sensational fiction; but now we have it from Authority itself that the racket is open and impudent and apparently as elusive as the Snark. Don't let us blame the sleuths too much for not tracking down the offenders. The plain fact is that in the vast and ever-expanding maze of emergency legislation, the police have far more to do than they can possibly handle. I do not know how many crimes there are now in the calendar, but they must run to thousands, and Robert needs more than the hundred eyes of Argus to keep a watch on them all.

*"A-C-D-A-D-W here, speaking from D-D-O-G——is that N.A.Q.W.A?——I say, Jim, where the heck do you get new flints for lighters?"*

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

**Not Nordic.**

We men do have our beauty worries, girls. Except the Beavers among us, we are slaves of the tyranny of face-mowing for the greater part of our lives. I see that this form of oppression already bad enough, is being used as one of the minor joys of the Nazi Reign of Terror. The Belgians, it is reported, offend the Nordic eye by their casualness in the use of the razor, which makes them "unworthy citizens of Greater Germany." A two-days stubble may mean an appearance before the Beak, and, I suppose, a forcible shave by the Gestapo. It is even a criminal offence for an untidy cyclist to fasten his trouser-ends with a safety-pin instead of a pair of smart clips (Made in Germany). Ah, the ever-thorough Teuton! I wish he would apply these compulsory shaving methods to that celebrated toothbrush moustache. It has always annoyed me even more than the Kaiser's, which, after all, *was* a moustache, and one that you could hang your hat on.

**Every Day in Every Way.** It is a commonplace, which we have all experienced and which is a standing warning to all amateur wizards, that this war has debunked every kind of prophecy; but of all its paradoxes, none is more surprising than health. I have just been reading a report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health. It seems that epidemics do not thrive on war and on conditions which violate every principle of medicine. Even hardy microbes like those of measles and whooping-cough seem to be discouraged. Is there any scientific explanation of this extraordinary fact? Do we live "too soft" ordinarily? Are reduced rations good for us all? Is the lack of vitamins improving our condition? Is it simply that during war nobody has any *time* to be ill? (It is extraordinary, and very depressing for Harley Street, how many people can't find time or money during war for "urgent" operations—and yet seem to survive.) I ask these questions, but, as for the answer—well, you can search me! All that seems certain is that medical science has got to think again.

**Snuff and Nonsense.** But there is at least one principle of hygiene which we can all observe—beware of the sneeze!

Be angry with your little boy
Whene'er he coughs or sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because it spreads diseases.

Millions of microbes may be turned loose upon the community by the unguarded sneeze, and the doctors are issuing very serious warnings about it. Thus you may see, good little girls and boys, that there is more than parental nagging in what you have been told about the polite use of the handkerchief—another proof that Mummy is Always Right! It is unfortunate that this anti-sternutation movement should coincide with a Back to Snuff movement. Snuff, they say, keeps off the common cold; I heard recently of an aged Professor of Medicine who boasted that he had never had a cold in his life—all due to snuff. And then, of course, if you can't get nicotine in the form of smoke, you can imbibe it in large quantities in the form of snuff. Well, I dare say that snuff's as good as a feast, though I have never found it so myself, but at all events let the handkerchief keep it within due bounds.

**Hook or Crook.**

Snuff at least has one great advantage—it does not need anything to set it alight. The same, unhappily, cannot be said of tobacco.

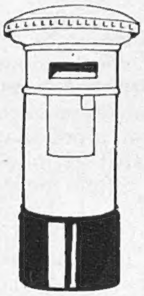
"While you've a lucifer to light your fag
Smile, boys, that's the style!"

But suppose you haven't a lucifer to light your fag, and suppose you can't get, for love or money, a petrol lighter (since all petrol-lighters, apparently, were made abroad)? In these painful circumstances, since tobacco will not ignite by faith, hope or spontaneous combustion, smiling is not so easy. I have tried rubbing two sticks together, as practised by the heathen in his blindness, but nothing seems to happen except profanity and splinters in the fingers. It is undoubtedly the small things which make up the horrors of war. You may get the fags, by fair means or foul, but what's the good of a fag without a light? You may squander your coupons on dress-material, but what's the good of dress-material without hooks and eyes? By hook or by crook, they say—but not even crooks can get hooks nowadays. A terrible war!

**We Are Not Amused.** "Women," said the Minister of Labour the other day, "must be handled gently." What a sentiment for a Minister of the Crown! Does Mr. Bevin ever go to the films? Does he ever read popular fiction? Has he not realised that we have long since emerged from the Age of Chivalry and gone back to the Cave-Man Age? Go and tell a squad of A.T.S. that they must be handled gently, and see how gently they would handle *you*!

# Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Charles says that wherever we go I am continually giving warm greetings to bearded warriors in bars, and that when he asks me who they are, I reply with simple pride, "We were at school together." But of course he is really jealous because the Marriot Academy came after his time, and we had all that fun and eccentric tuition while he was plodding drearily at his Public School.

But as an Old Marriot Boy yourself, Robert, I am sure you will be interested to hear that there was a Reunion of Old Boys and Girls here last Wednesday, and this is how it came about. I was taking Perry for his walk past the Hotel, and admiring the Visitors in their deck-chairs, when suddenly there was a roar, and an enormous man in naval uniform sprang to his feet and rushed at me with outstretched hands. Charles's joke about beards was, in this case, perfectly true, for he had a large black one, as well as rows of ribbons, and a dazzling amount of gold braid. Perry, frightened and annoyed by all this magnificence, set up a shrill barking.

*"'Don't say you've forgotten me!'"*

"Henrietta! Don't say you've forgotten me!"

I couldn't see much of him, because of the beard, and then something in the guileless blue eyes which peeped incongruously from beneath fierce and bushy eyebrows woke, as they say, a chord in my memory.

"Snubby Charmouth!" I said.
"That 's right!" he yelled, and several of the Visitors stood up to get a better view of us.
"Goodness, Snubby! You are grand."
"Oh, I don't know," said Snubby modestly.
"You used to say that when you 'd beaten everybody at high jump."

*"'That awful fight we had.'"*

"Happiest years of my life," said Snubby, and added in a hushed voice, "What has become of Sir?"
"He 's still alive, but moved a few miles inland because of his rheumatism. Miss Carrie looks after him. Miss Emily 's dead. The School is a Private Hotel now. Sir has become very deaf and irritable. *Will* you stop barking, Perry!"
"He always was irritable," said Snubby. "Do you call that a dog?"
"He 's a very well-bred dog!"
"Still the same old temper, I see."
"Oh, Snubs, do you remember that awful fight we had?"
"Do I not! My father gave me a hiding because I blacked your eye. If he 'd *seen* what you 'd done to my shins!"
"Willie Stamp is down here staying with his Aunt."
"Is he? I 'd love to see the old boy."
"Ursula Barker and Victor Smale live here, and Dorothy Martin is somewhere in the district. I tell you what, Snubby," I said, "I 'll ask them to come round one evening and we 'll have a Reunion."

Charles was a little fractious when I told him about the Reunion. "That 's all very well," he said, "but what about my sherry? It 's hard to come by these days."
"I know, darling, but this is such a very special occasion."
"Oh, well, I 'll bring up a couple of bottles, but I must say, Henrietta, it always sounds to me the most extraordinary school."

On the day of the Reunion Ursula Barker and Victor Smale arrived simultaneously on the doorstep, and both being local inhabitants, began a long, dreary conversation about the Urban District Council, and all efforts on my part to divert the conversation into "Do you remember?" channels were frustrated. However, shortly afterwards Snubby arrived, pregnant with reminiscence, to be followed by Willie Stomp (now Sir William, and something in the Board of Trade), and then came Dorothy Martin, with a snapshot of us all playing football, and Victor and Ursula came to the conclusion that they were missing a good thing, as indeed they were, and joined the group.

"It was a shocking school," said Victor. "When Sir was annoyed he used to whack us over the head with a ruler."
"I once gave you sixpence," said Willie, looking at me rather severely.
"I know, Willie. Do you want it back?"

"Do you remember. . . . Do you remember. . . ." Charles's sherry was disappearing at a remarkable rate, and we all talked at once and told each other that we had worn well. And then suddenly the door opened and Sir, in an invalid chair, was wheeled into the room by Miss Carrie.
There was a dead silence and everybody stood up. "I don't like going out," said Sir irritably. "I don't like it at all, but somebody sent a car."
"My dear children," said Miss Carrie.
Snubby handed them each a glass, and then held up his own. "To Sir," he said, "and Miss Carrie."
We drank in silence. "And to all the boys and girls who were at our School," said Snubby, determined to make a speech.
"You were all very tiresome children," said Sir. "What 's this stuff I 'm drinking? It 's very nice."
"Sherry, Sir," said Snubby.
"Eh? What 's that?"
"Sherry, Sir."
"Speak up, boy."
"SHERRY, Sir!" we all shouted.
"Sherry, is it? Why haven't I had some before, Carrie?"
"Because you signed the pledge years ago," said Miss Carrie.
Sir left soon afterwards as Miss Carrie said excitement was bad for him. He was wheeled away in a surprisingly benign mood, and Snubby said that what the poor Old Boy had wanted all those years, had we but known it, was a drink. Then the party broke up in an atmosphere of emotion and good will. Everybody sent you their love, Robert, and there was a long complicated message from Dorothy about a hockey stick, which I can't remember.

Charles seemed quite anxious to hear about the Reunion when he came home. "Of course," I said, "Sir coming in like that was the Big Moment. I wonder who sent the car for him?"
"As a matter of fact, I did," said Charles. Then he held up two empty decanters. "My word!" he said. "The Old Marriotovians can knock it back all right!"

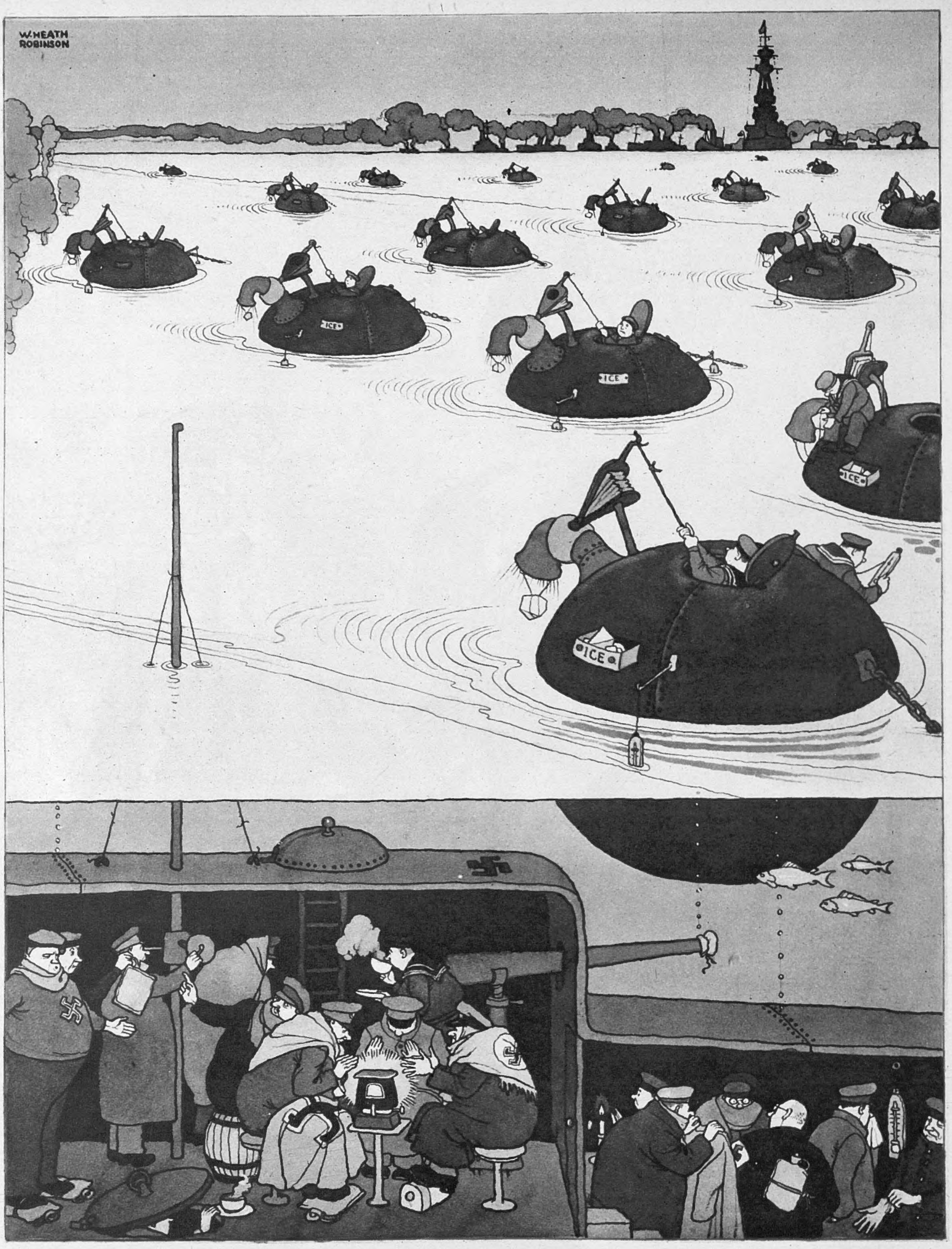
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

*"'My word!' he said."*

"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CALL ME 'SWEETNESS' IN FRONT OF PEOPLE!"

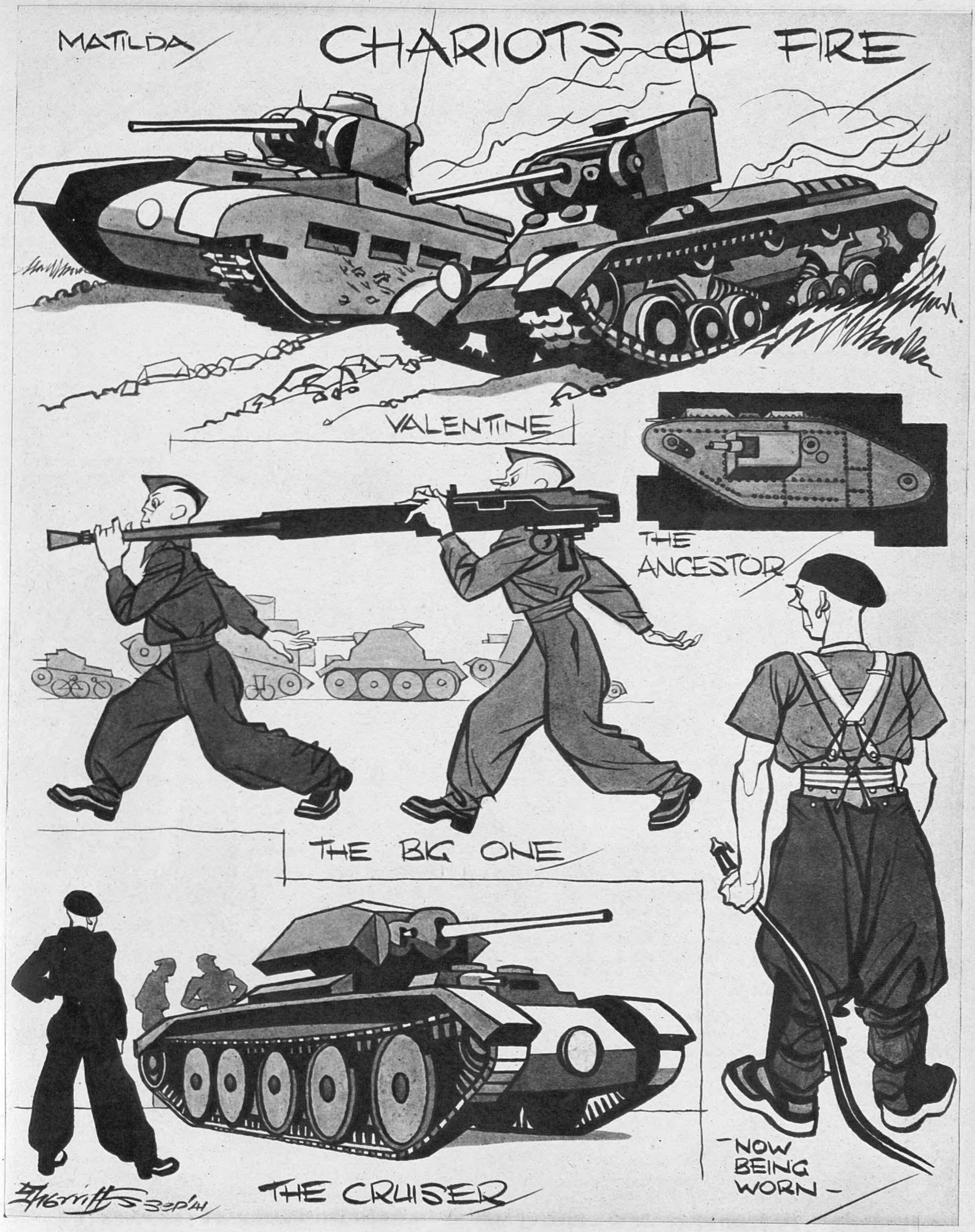
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.




# COOLING BUOYS ICING THE GULF STREAM TO CHILL THE ENEMY.

*To increase U-boats' difficulties in the Battle of the Atlantic, Heath Robinson has planned mine-like cooling-buoys armed with icing apparatus for lowering the Gulf Stream temperature and the enemy's morale! N.O.s might find in the drawing inspiration for a new cocktail—Atlantique Frappée!*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.




"...AND THEN THE SOLDIER." NO. 4.

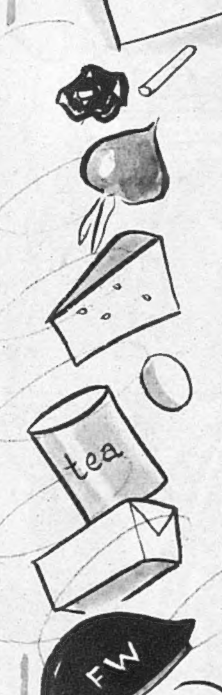
*The modern chariots of fire, or monster tanks, which are being turned out in impressive numbers to-day to help Russia, and to provide our Army with an ever-growing mechanised equipment, all trace their descent from the neat little last-war model which Sherriffs has included in this drawing.*

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

# THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

CLERIWHO'S WHO.

The Minister of Food
When in the mood
Will repeat the word "Carrot"
Like a Parrot.




## REGISTRATION 'S MY VEXATION.

I 've registered for onions,
I 've registered for cheese,
For tea and butter, margarine
And other foods like these.

I 've registered for watching fires,
I 've registered for clothing,
And little things I used to like
I now regard with loathing.

I 've registered for winter coal,
I 've registered for jam,
For matches, eggs, and cigarettes—
I don't know where I am.

I 've registered for baby's milk,
I 've registered my wife,
And now I 'm merely waiting till
I register for Life.

## COUNTER PROPOSAL.

"Miss Bates of Counter number 5,
You are the sweetest girl alive!
Come live with me and be my bride——"
"I can't!" the wretched maid replied.
"I 'm neither twenty-six nor seven,
So I belong to Ernest Bevin!"

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY; ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MARLENE DIETRICH, for being a "Lady Willing" to risk those elegant legs in saving a child.

*On the set of "Lady is Willing,"* MARLENE DIETRICH *fractured an ankle and strained her back when she tripped over a toy engine, but managed to save from injury a seven-months-old baby which was in her arms at the time. She went to hospital and it was expected that her ankle would be in plaster for at least a month. The symmetry and beauty of the Dietrich legs is famed the world over.*

# MIXED BAG OF TOPICAL NEWS:

*These dolls, dressed as an American Army and an American Red Cross nurse, will be sold for the Red Cross. They came to the Premier as a gift from Miss Marguerite L. Davis, of New York.*

MRS. RALPH WIGRAM, *widow of Mr. Ralph Wigram, C.M.G., is engaged to Sir John Anderson, M.P., Lord President of the Council, formerly Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security. She is a daughter of the late Mr. J. E. C. Bodley.*

FLIGHT LIEUT. BRENDAN FINUCANE, *who shot down twenty three enemy aircraft before his twenty-first birthday, i now our No. 1 fighter pilot. He has just been awarde the D.S.O., and has the D.F.C. and two Bars.*

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, *Minister of Labour, spoke at the International Youth Rally for Victory, at the Royal Albert Hall. He is here talking to Czech and Yugoslav girls wearing their respective national costumes and, no doubt, giving them a special chat about war-work for young women.*

MISS AVICE LOUISE DAWSON, *second daughter of Lieut.-Commander Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., R.N., and Lady Dawson, is engaged to Mr. Edwyn Inigo lLoyd Mostyn, Scots Guards.*

MISS ROSAMUND DAISY FELLOWES, *daught of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes,* *to marry* LIEUT. JAMES GLADSTONE, *K.O.S.*

# SELECTION OF THE WEEK BY CAMERA.

MRS. R. C. ATTLEE, *wife of the Lord Privy Seal, drives a British War Relief tea-car presented by the Brook Club, New York City, to the Y.M.C.A., and is here serving tea and cakes to customers.*

*The marriage of* GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL, K.C.B., *etc., Chief of the Imperial General Staff, to* MRS. FURLONG, *widow of Brigadier Dennis Furlong, took place at St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, on October 8. Lady Dill is the only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Charrington.*

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN, *wife of the Foreign Secretary, drives a tea-car for the Y.M.C.A. These bundles of clothes are going out for delivery to various welfare officers.*

LADY PATRICIA FRENCH, *only daughter of the Earl of Ypres, the Old Court House, Hampton Court, and of the late Countess of Ypres, is engaged to Mr. Henry Kingsbury, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury.*

MISS ANNE ROSEMARY KINSMAN, *daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. F. I. Kinsman, is engaged to* MR. KENNETH CREWE THOMPSON, *the Life Guards.*

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE, *the well-known actress, officially opened the mobile Y.M.C.A. library presented for the use of the troops by the Mansfield (Notts.) Brewery Co., Ltd., to the Duchess of Portland, president of the North Midland Divisional Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary.*

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

## By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE most startling film — with the possible exception of " Our Town "—to come out of America since the Coward-Hecht-McArthur " Scoundrel " is in town this week. The title is " CITIZEN KANE," and you can, and should, see it at the Gaumont. It is the brain-child and hand-work of twenty-six-year-old American Orson Welles, who goes in for startling things. Welles, as you may remember, was the young man who recently panicked half America with his broadcast of " The War of the Worlds." He was the young man who shook up the New York theatre world with his production of " Julius Cæsar " in modern dress. " Citizen Kane " is his pioneer effort in the motion-picture field. He wrote, produced, directed and played the leading part in it, casting it, not with Hollywood stars, but with actors from his Mercury Theatre in New York. The last shot was hardly in the can, before Welles found he had another row on his hands. The film, in fact, very nearly didn't come to the screen at all. Mr. Welles claims that the story, which deals with the career of a newspaper magnate who retires to die in his fabulous castle on a man-made hill, is entirely fictitious, and in no sense a biography of any real man, living or dead.

" Citizen Kane " is out of the ordinary from beginning to end. The surprise begins with the opening shot. Accustomed as we are to endless lists of technical credits and who 's who of players at the outset of a film, we are shocked to find ourselves, without any preliminaries, into the story and away. The camera, handled by that brilliant artist, Gregg Toland (" The Informer," " The Long Voyage Home," " The Grapes of Wrath ") performs all the introductions we need. It shows us a forbidding wire fence and closed high gates, centres on the gatehead with its ironwork " K," moves inside, and up an artificial hill to the fabulous castle on the top —Citizen Kane's Mad Hatter castle.

Citizen Kane is dead. A newsreel " obit " is being run off in the projection-room of a film company, with a commentary in the March of Time style. The newsreel editor, dissatisfied with the scenes portrayed, sends off a reporter to get a more intimate slant on Kane's life and death. " Find out his last words " he instructs. They may shed some real light on the man. Kane's last word, it seems, was " Rosebud."

BLANCHETTE BRUNOY *is the sensitive adolescent heroine of " Claudine " (Studio One), the French screen-play of Colette's novel " Claudine à l'École," which had such success in Paris, and is reviewed in this article.*

*" Night of January 16th " (Plaza) turns on the murder of a financier, Bjorn Faulkner* (NILS ASTHER: *right), and the disappearance of £5,000,000 of the company funds. His secretary, Kit Lane* (ELLEN DREW: *centre), is arrested for the murder on circumstantial evidence; Steve Van Ruyle* (ROBERT PRESTON, *handcuffed to Kit) has her released on bail, and at the trial she is about to be acquitted when a diversion occurs, and she and Steve escape and fly to Havana, on suspicion that Faulkner is still alive. There they find him, having planned the murder of another man who can be identified as himself, and he is arrested.*

The rest of the film is taken up with the reporter's search for the truth about Kane. He interviews all the people who knew him best—his guardian (George Coulouris), his business manager (Everett Sloane), his best friend (Joseph Cotten), his butler (Paul Stewart), and his second wife (Dorothy Comingore), whom he tried and failed to turn into an opera star. Gradually, through the eyes of these five people, Kane's life emerges from childhood until death—a lonely death in that fabulous castle amongst his junk *de luxe*.

None of these people know the meaning of the word " Rosebud," though the audience discover it for themselves, almost by accident, at the end of the film. But there is little else about Citizen Kane that they don't reveal between them. The portrait of the man emerges, full-blooded and fantastic, longing for affection, but hurting everyone who gives it him. Orson Welles himself quite beautifully fills the Kane rôle, and it is one of the special virtues of the film that this preposterous creature, with all his follies and cruelties and errors of taste, never really loses our sympathy.

I hope I have said enough to convince you that " Citizen Kane " is an unusual film. On its technical side, it is a revolutionary and sensational film. Orson Welles, always in collaboration with his camera-man, has worked out a system of narrative that makes every sequence an adventure. Darkness and light are used as they have never been used before. Curious foreshortenings of figure, odd groupings, point up the characters of the play. Conversations overlap, as they do in real life. Sometimes a whole scene is blocked in with a couple of economic shots. The course of marriage is shown in a few brief breakfast scenes. The second wife's disastrous opera début is summed up by the gesture of a pair of stage-hands in the flies. The acting is brilliant, but always the camera controls the film, as a camera should. " Citizen Kane " will be the talk of film *connoisseurs* for years.

The long-awaited, much-embattled " 49TH PARALLEL " has come at last to the West End, and to judge by the response of the audience that saw it at the Odeon at its first performance, it is going to be what the film trade elegantly describes as " a clean-up." All the popular ingredients of success are there. " Forty-Ninth," as the studio familiarly calls it, has a red-hot topical theme. The cast is studded with stars. Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey and Anton Walbrook are all in the bill of fare. Little Glynis Johns, the seventeen-year-old who has made such a hit in the theatre in " Quiet Week-end," replaces Elisabeth Bergner in the one woman's part. A customer who cannot find a favourite amongst these names must be hard to satisfy.

The exteriors, shot in Canada, are full of novelty. Authentic scenes of mountain and gorge, cool dark water, rippling wheat-field, and the snow-clad wastes of a Hudson's Bay trading-post, lend freshness and excitement to the plot. It is a holiday for all of us, stimulating somehow, to get into that wide-open world, where the lights shine out at night, and a man may go eleven months without learning the latest war communiqué.

ELLEN DREW *and* ROBERT PRESTON *as Kit Lane and Steve Van Ruyle in " The Night of January 16th " (Plaza), stars in the Paramount adaptation of Ayn Rand's successful stage play.*

"Forty-Ninth Parallel" begins with the sinking of an enemy submarine off the shores of Hudson's Bay. A landing-party of six Nazis, led by Lieutenant Hirth (Eric Portman), is stranded on Canadian soil. With the whole Dominion hunting for them, these men plan to make their escape over the unguarded frontier, the 49th Parallel, between Canada and the United States, or to trek across the continent and catch a Japanese boat from Vancouver.

They have the guns and the guts, and might make their get-away, only they have underrated four Canadian types. The first is Johnny (Laurence Olivier), the French Canadian trapper, who doesn't care that France has given in, and sacrifices his own life to send a radio warning to the Canadian police. The second is the Hutterite leader (Anton Walbrook), German head of a German religious colony in the corn-lands, who has found a new freedom in the New World for himself and his people. The third is Scott (Leslie Howard), a dreamy idealist who likes his fishing and his writing and a quiet life amongst his art treasures. Scott, the Nazis think, is effete, but Scott, with a bullet through his leg and his blood up, surprises them. The fourth is Andy (Raymond Massey), a Canadian soldier who has overstayed his leave. Andy considers it his democratic privilege to grouse about the Army, the Government, the food and all the delays of the official regimen, but he is prepared to give himself up to the Military Police sooner than let the last remaining Nazi cross the American frontier.

*"Blossoms in the Dust" (Empire) has for star* GREER GARSON *as Edna Gladney. This new M.-G.-M. film is a story of adopted children for whom Edna supervises a Home when she loses her only child. Finding that the worst offence of society against these waifs and strays is the prejudice against them, she succeeds in forcing through a law making all adopted children legitimate. One particular small cripple she adopts herself and calls by her own son's name, but in the end yields Little Sammy up to a couple whose need is greater than her own.*

One by one the submarine crew are killed or captured. At last, just one, Lieutenant Hirth, the leader, is left at large. The whole Dominion of Canada is hunting for him. Back in Berlin, the radio acclaims him as a hero, a man against the world. You know he won't escape, but it is a puzzle right up to the last minute to see how the authorities will round him up. Eric Portman's sketch of Lieutenant Hirth dominates the picture. It is masterfully done. The authors have given him no human attributes at all—no humour, no gentleness, no frailties, no qualities except his indomitable courage and his fanatical belief in his Führer and his cause. Yet never for a moment does our interest slacken in this man.

Shades of Fred Astaire must hover, tapping pensively, round the Empire this week, where "LADY BE GOOD" is shown in its new film version. For it was on this site, at the old Empire Theatre, in the original stage show of "Lady Be Good" that Mr. Astaire made his London début. If anything, in those days, Sister Adèle was the star, Brother Fred the stooge. But as a turn, as something new and dynamic from the New World, they set everybody talking. Mr. Astaire's thin, reedy voice on the gramophone records, singing "I 'd Rather Charlston," got into the best-seller class. We felt, though we didn't know then, that we were in at the birth of something special. Well, we were. Sister Adèle married into the peerage; Brother Fred got into the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

"Lady Be Good," as a film, comes back to the Empire without benefit of Astaire. Brother Fred's recent screen dancing partner, Eleanor Powell, is there, but not Brother Fred. The new Empire public may not notice the loss, but to some of us, I fancy, the old tunes won't sound quite the same without him. Just there, behind the screen, he used to dance on a table-top. There are ghosts in the proscenium.

To do Metro-Goldwyn, the producers, justice, they have gone to great pains to dress up "Lady Be Good" as a new show to meet the new conditions. Little, if anything, of the old plot remains. The old tunes are freshened up with modern numbers. The new hit-tune, which has nothing whatever to do with the cosy 1920's, is "The Last Time I Saw Paris." And Busby Berkeley, the Ziegfeld of the dance world, has gone flat out with his revolving gauzes and grand pianos and gaggles of chorus men.

The story is now something about a struggling song-writer (Robert Young), who marries a waitress (Ann Sothern), whose grasp of the English language, unlike that of most waitresses, brings her in a small fortune as a lyric writer. The marriage, solemnised too early in the film, naturally goes on the rocks. Mr. Young gets in with the bad, smart set. Miss Sothern steps out with a radio crooner. Only the warm, human understanding of a divorce-court judge (Lionel Barrymore) brings the talented couple to a final settlement.

Miss Sothern has most of the picture to carry, and carries it well enough. Eleanor Powell, as the heroine's best friend, has surprisingly little to do. Perhaps because she has been ill, perhaps because the plot just demands it that way, her dancing has been cut to a minimum. Her main dance, in fact, is shared with a small terrier dog. That, it seems, was Miss Powell's own idea. She spent six hours a day for six weeks teaching the dog his routines. "I started," she says, "by telling him to walk through as I spread my feet. Next I sent him through by snapping my fingers. Then I had him doing it with music cues." Generously, she adds, "He got rhythm." He did, but Miss Powell got rhythm too, and a bit more of her rhythm is what most of us want to see.

It will be good news for many that a new French season has opened in London at Studio One. There are still quite a number of pre-war and pre-collapse French films that have been shown in America and are, presumably, obtainable for this country, and one hopes that in time it will be possible to see all the best of them here. "CLAUDINE," which inaugurates the season, is slender but deft. Adapted from one of the famous Colette series, "Claudine à l'École," it is set in the early 1900's, and describes the growing-pains of a girl of sixteen in the overcharged atmosphere of a provincial boarding-school.

The theme, which deals with the emotional triangle of girl, head-mistress and new mistress, with a fourth angle introduced by a young doctor, needs the most delicate handling, and mostly gets it. It isn't, perhaps, just the picture *pour les jeunes filles*, though you never can tell with *jeunes filles* nowadays. However, *filles* of most ages will sense the truth in it. The gropings of a young mind are well suggested. Claudine's healthy distaste for the abnormal, her need for an affection denied her in her home life, her passionate acceptance of grief, are points well taken.

Blanchette Brunoy brings a natural style and frank personality, rather than sensational good looks, to the part of Claudine. The smaller parts are beautifully cast, as we have come to expect of French film offerings. Lyric photography of cornfields and rolling country freshens up the rather fussy period setting. The film talks too much, perhaps, and has a few aberrations into comedy which I, for one, could have done without. But on the whole it is a clever bit of work, well worth your attention.

CAROL BRUCE *makes her film début in the new Universal picture "This Woman is Mine" (Leicester Square Theatre), a story placed in the year 1810 when John Jacob Astor sends the ship "Tonquin" out from New York on a dangerous fur-trading expedition round the Horn to the wild, remote Oregon country.*

# HELPING TO MAKE POLISH FLYING-MEN AT HOME.

*Mrs. H. V. Champion de Crespigny saying good-bye to Polish guests at the end of a visit.*

MRS. H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY *and her dog in the grounds of her home, Far Croft House.*

SQUADRON LEADER J. BIALY *and* MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY *with* MRS. S. R. ORSKI *and baby* MICHELINE ORSKI.

*Chairman of the R.A.F. Polish Officers' Hospitality scheme:* MRS. H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

*Discussing plans in the garden:* MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY *and* SQUADRON LEADER BIALY.

MRS. S. R. ORSKI, *wife of a Polish R.A.F. officer, her baby daughter,* MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY *and* SQUADRON LEADER BIALY.

MRS. H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY is the chairman of an admirable organisation, the R.A.F. POLISH OFFICERS' HOSPITALITY SCHEME. It was founded in March last, with the approval of the Air Ministry, and under the patronage of General Sikorski, Air Vice-Marshal Ujejski, and Air Vice-Marshal H. V. Champion de Crespigny, with the idea of bringing into the lives of Polish officers serving with us some small measure of social life and distraction from war routine such as British officers, from time to time, enjoy as a matter of course. Hostesses were found to invite Polish officers for meals or for short week-end visits, and the scheme has already proved a big success. Lords-Lieutenants of Counties were generally able to supply lists of would-be hostesses, and it is now hoped to enlarge the scheme and to arrange for free hospitality for Polish officers for longer leave periods. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny has been working hard to launch the scheme, and all correspondence should be addressed to her personally at Buntingsdale Hall, Market Drayton, Salop.

AIR VICE-MARSHAL H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, M.C., D.F.C., *and* MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, *who is working hard for the Polish Officers' Hospitality scheme.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.

# W.A.A.F.'S WHO WON THE M.M.: BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A.

DAME LAURA KNIGHT'S *portrait-group of* ASST. SECTION LEADER ELSPETH C. HENDERSON *and* SERGEANT HELEN E. TURNER *is on view at the National Gallery Exhibition of War Pictures. These girls are two of the first three W.A.A.F.'s to win the Military Medal. Asst. Section Leader (then Corporal) Henderson and Sergeant Turner were on duty in a building which received a direct hit during a raid. Sergeant Turner was the switchboard operator, and Corporal Henderson had charge of a special telephone line. Bombs fell round, but both carried on and, after the building had received a direct hit, they continued working until it caught fire and they were ordered to leave.*

# LEARNING THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY:

*The stately entrance to a Service life: Portico of the new Training and Drafting depôt for the W.R.N.S.*

*With the Petty Officers' and Chief Petty Officers' Mess in the foreground: Probationary "Wrens" at lunch in the general mess.*

*Maps are studied in connection with the drafting of personnel.*

*Right: A few moments of quiet meditation. "Wrens" reading in the chapel of the establishment.*

*Country dancing on the lawn: "Wrens enjoying a spell of outdoor recreation.*

THE new Training and Drafting
Service, situated in a lovely hou
organised and working to capacity. It
given their first taste of Service life,
possible, on the lines of a Naval esta
and petty officers are trained to instruc
procedure, discipline, Naval history, an
classes to teach cooking, stewarding, an
for typing

# FLEDGLING "WRENS" AT A TRAINING DEPÔT.

*Ship's Office, typing school, with Chief Petty Officer Brown timing the speed of a class.*

*Kitting up after the probationary period has been served: Fledgling "Wrens" with Third Officer Shepherd.*

*Chief Officer Lawes, with one of her Chief Petty Officers and her confidential Writer, Petty Officer Ashley.*

for the Women's Royal Naval
h spacious grounds, is now fully
commodate 450 girls, who are there
llow a routine arranged, as far as
nt. The staff of W.R.N.S. officers
advise on subjects relating to Naval
rice matters. In addition, special
ng are held, with refresher courses
orthand.

*Grouped on the balcony overlooking the garden: Officers of the new Training and Drafting depôt.*

*Left: Third Officer Ross, Physical Training and Welfare Officer, issuing sports gear.*

# "MISS AMERICA, 1941"—AND THE FIELD.

*Can you pick the girl who won the title of "Miss America, 1941," at the annual Atlantic City Beauty Contest? She's right there in the middle of the group, surrounded by the rest. With so fair a field, the judges must have got headaches before making their choice!*

*"Miss Western Pennsylvania"* (MISS ROSELLA HANNON; *left*) *congratulating the winner,* MISS ROSEMARY LAPLANCHE, *who entered as "Miss California." She's a California College student of eighteen, and was runner-up last year to Miss Burke, the "Miss America, 1940."*

*Another study of nineteen-year-old* MISS ROSELLA HANNON, *with the trophy which she won with the title of "Miss Western Pennsylvania" at the Pittsburg Beauty Contest in August. She represented that section of the State at the Atlantic City event.*

*The six lovely competitors lined up for this group are "Miss Westchester"* (MISS LILLIAN HELENE O'DONNELL), *"Miss North Carolina"* (MISS JOEY AUGUSTA PAXTON), *"Miss America, 1940"* (MISS FRANCES MARIE BURKE, *of Philadelphia*), *"Miss California"* (MISS ROSEMARY LAPLANCHE), *"Miss Kentucky"* (MISS DOROTHY SLATTEN), *and "Miss Washington, D.C."* (MISS JEAN CAVANAUGH).

# BRILLIANT DANCING RAYE.

CAROLE RAYE, seventeen-year-old star of "Fun and Games," at the Princes Theatre, rehearsing in the garden of her Hampshire home.

*Running over a song with her mother,* MRS. CORK RAYE, *the wife of Lieut.-Commander Cork Raye.*

*Another home study of the new dancing and singing star of revue.*

CAROLE RAYE, the seventeen-year-old dancer, made an immediate hit on the first night of Firth Shephard's new show, "Fun and Games," at the Princes. She is a beautiful mover, light as thistledown, and has the quality of catching the attention and holding it riveted, known in modern language as "putting it over big." Her numbers include "I Want You to Want Me," a sentimental ditty which she gives with Frank Leighton, and a charming short ballet, "The Old Shoemaker," with Richard Hearne, serious for once! She is the daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Cork Raye, of Armadale, Horndean, Hants.

*Chatting with her father,* LIEUT.-COMMANDER CORK RAYE, R.N., *before going for a gallop on her favourite grey.*

ORSON WELLES *as Kane, with his first wife, Emily Norton* (RUTH WARRICK).

*The money-emperor* (ORSON WELLES) *opens his political career with tremendous flourish.*

*Kane fires his dramatic critic frien[d] a bad notice of Mrs*

*Kane with Susan, who ruins his political life and becomes his second wife:* ORSON WELLES *and* DOROTHY COMINGORE.

*Kane's closest friends and business associates, Jedediah Leland* (JOSEPH COTTEN) *and Bernstein* (EVERETT SLOANE ; *right*).

FIFTY YEARS OF A TOUGH MONEY-EMPEROR'S SELFISH LIFE:

"CITIZEN KANE," Orson Welles's remarkable R.K.O. Radio picture recently presented at the Gaumont, Haymarket, has been called a modern morality play. Mr. Welles, the great showman, who is a master of the theatre and radio in America, is the star, director and producer, and also collaborated in writing the screen play and story, which present with brilliant and biting satire the "big-business" life and death

*Left :* DOROTHY COMINGORE *as Susan, bored with her castle, and appalled at having to try and win operatic fame with an indifferent voice.*

Leland (JOSEPH COTTEN) for writing Kane's operatic début.

No more bundles of unsold copies soon! Kane (left) has acquired a failing newspaper, and means to make it go. Leland is with him.

The end of Kane's political career! Gettys (RAY COLLINS) stalks away, after revealing Kane's scandalous private life.

Kane listens to the voice of his second wife, Susan, and vainly imagines that she can become a great operatic star.

A reporter (WILLIAM ALLAND) interviews butler Raymond (PAUL STEWART) in order to get a new angle on the late Mr. Kane.

of an American money-emperor who never succeeds in buying happiness. The photography and the way in which the story is presented are novel and individual; and the cast is drawn from Mr. Welles's own company, the Mercury Actors, none of whom have ever before appeared in motion pictures. Miss C. A. Lejeune reviews this remarkable film in her article, "Cinema Cameos," published on another page.

Right: Kane, Emily, Gettys and Susan on the eve of the election, when Gettys discovers the scandal about Kane and Susan, which wrecks his career.

# "CITIZEN KANE," WITH AUTHOR-DIRECTOR-PRODUCER WELLES AS STAR.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

MISS EDITH SITWELL'S new anthology of poems, "Look! the Sun," is intended, she tells us, primarily for children; but, she adds, "readers of all ages will, I hope, derive happiness from it." This raises the fascinating question, what is it in poetry that children like? Should we, for instance, expect them to like the poetry of Wordsworth, who himself reverenced children, as being the archetypes of uncorrupted human nature?

Miss Sitwell includes several poems by Blake, but only one of Wordsworth's. The reason is, perhaps, that you can enjoy the former without bothering too much about the sense (*e.g.*, "The Caterpillar on the leaf Repeats to thee thy mother's grief"), whereas in Wordsworth the meaning and the poetry cannot be detached. As everyone knows, children enjoy poetry which they do not understand; they like images and they like sound. Thus they might get from "Auguries of Innocence" a pleasure they could not be expected to get from "The Ode to Duty," though the latter is, to an adult, easier to understand. They accept poetry somewhat as they accept a fine day, and derive, perhaps, the same kind of pleasure from it. Miss Sitwell gives them nursery rhymes, limericks from Lear's Book of Nonsense, old ballads and carols, some of which certainly need the glossary she conveniently supplies them with. Poems of reflection are not widely represented in this anthology, unless their emotional takes precedence of their intellectual interest; nor are there, naturally enough, many poems concerned with the relationships of men and women; there is nothing from Browning, no sonnet of Shakespeare. On the other hand, we find "Tears, Idle Tears," a poem very mature in feeling and exceedingly reflective in mood, as well as "Helen of Kirkonnell" and other ballads based on experiences outside a child's ken. But their inclusion is justified in either case, first because the music of the verse will recommend them to a child, and also because the moods they express—loss, disappointment, self-pity — can be easily understood by a child, even if the origin and nature of the mood cannot.

MRS. LEAF, MRS. PRIOR-PALMER, M.T.C., *and* MRS. STANLEY CLARKE *were snapped in London one day after a quick wartime lunch. Mrs. Stanley Clarke is a daughter of Mrs. St. George. "Sketch" readers will recall our colour reproduction of Gerald Brockhurst's fine Royal Academy portrait of her.*

MRS. DREXEL BIDDLE, *wife of the U.S. Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London, is the author of "The Women of England," to be published in America. The book deals with the work of the Women's Services and Civil Defence organisations, and tells many tales of courage and fortitude during the raids.*

### Some Omissions.

More noticeable absentees from this collection are the familiar narrative poems which Victorian children learned as recitations to delight their elders. We did not expect to find "Casabianca" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," or "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but it would not so greatly have surprised us to see "The Destruction of Sennacherib" or "The Battle of Hohenlinden" or "The Burial of Sir John Moore." These are poems which might well appeal to the warrior infants of this generation. They may have been omitted because Miss Sitwell does not consider them first-rate poetry or because she does not care for battle-pieces, or because they are hackneyed and she has tried, more successfully than most anthologists, to include as many poems as possible that are first-rate and little known. All these considerations may have influenced her, but I think the chief reason is that her taste is too pure to enjoy rhetorical poetry, of which "The Assyrian Came Down" is such an outstanding example; her own poems, her brothers' poems, as represented here, and the kind of poems she likes best, do not follow the drum in any sense of the term. They avoid the regular beat which drives home the sense but so often drives out the poetry; they are relaxed in rhythm, wayward and elusive in mood, seeking to surprise rather than to compel words into submission to their meaning. For all their cleverness (I am speaking of her own poems now), the art to which they aspire is the art of Nature, fragmentary, comprehensive, atmospheric; and to Nature, though by sometimes obscure and unobvious paths, they continually return. The sun-worshipping title of her book, with its exhortation to look up into the brightness of day, is evidence of this. Miss Sitwell is a poet to whom light means a great deal, as it does to everyone, though sometimes we need a black-out to remind us of its value; and a light, brighter than the light of common day, pours through the book. The defect of many anthologies is that they are too impersonal: like a museum or public picture-gallery, they exhibit what general opinion considers "the best." "Miss Sitwell's object is not to embalm poetry, but to keep it alive." Her anthology is a private collection chosen by a master of her craft and thrown open to the public; and so strong in it is the unifying sense of personality that we feel no discrepancy when we find a delicious trifle like Lord Berners' poem on Red Noses, or a sinister, evocative limerick like "The Men of Erith" side by side with the acknowledged masterpieces of our poetical literature.

### In Search of the Past.

"Random Harvest" is a novel superficially concerned with the hero's loss of memory, the result of being blown up in the last War. Knowledge of his identity returned to him at the end of 1919, when he awoke on a park seat in Liverpool to remember that he was Charles Rainier, son of a steel king. His family had long presumed him dead; when he got home his father was too ill to be told and died without knowing; he owed his share of the inheritance to the rather grudging fairmindedness (which he at first repudiated) of his six brothers and sisters. In the slump the family business languished, but Charles pulled it together and made a name for himself as a Member of Parliament and a public figure—helped in this by his wife and former secretary, now a rather glacial but extremely efficient society hostess. But all through this time of worldly success he was haunted by unresolved intimations of his mysterious pre-existence. Something of his uneasiness he confides in the train to the sympathetic undergraduate who was afterwards to become his secretary and, in rather Conradian fashion, his biographer; for it is Harrison who, in telling his own story, also tells Rainier's as returning memory enables the latter, in flashes, to fit together the jigsaw of the past.

COUNTESS BEATTY, *wife of Earl Beatty, R.N., son of the famous Admiral; and* VISCOUNTESS STRATHALLAN *(left), daughter-in-law of the Earl of Perth, former British Ambassador to Italy, are American by birth. Lady Beatty was Mrs. Dorothy Sands, and Lady Strathallan was Miss Nancy Fincke. They are interested in welfare work.*

### The New Spirit and the Old.

It is not, however, merely the facts of his past life which affect Rainier with an almost mystical, Proustian nostalgia to be reunited with it. Those facts, connected with the asylum at Melbury and a fugitive's existence on the poverty-line, would hardly seem attractive to a man who had since risen to Rainier's position; it was the spirit that animated them that he missed, as well as the blithe companion of his misfortunes. He missed it in himself,

he missed it in the world around him, and he missed it increasingly as Europe staggered towards the crises of 1938 and 1939.

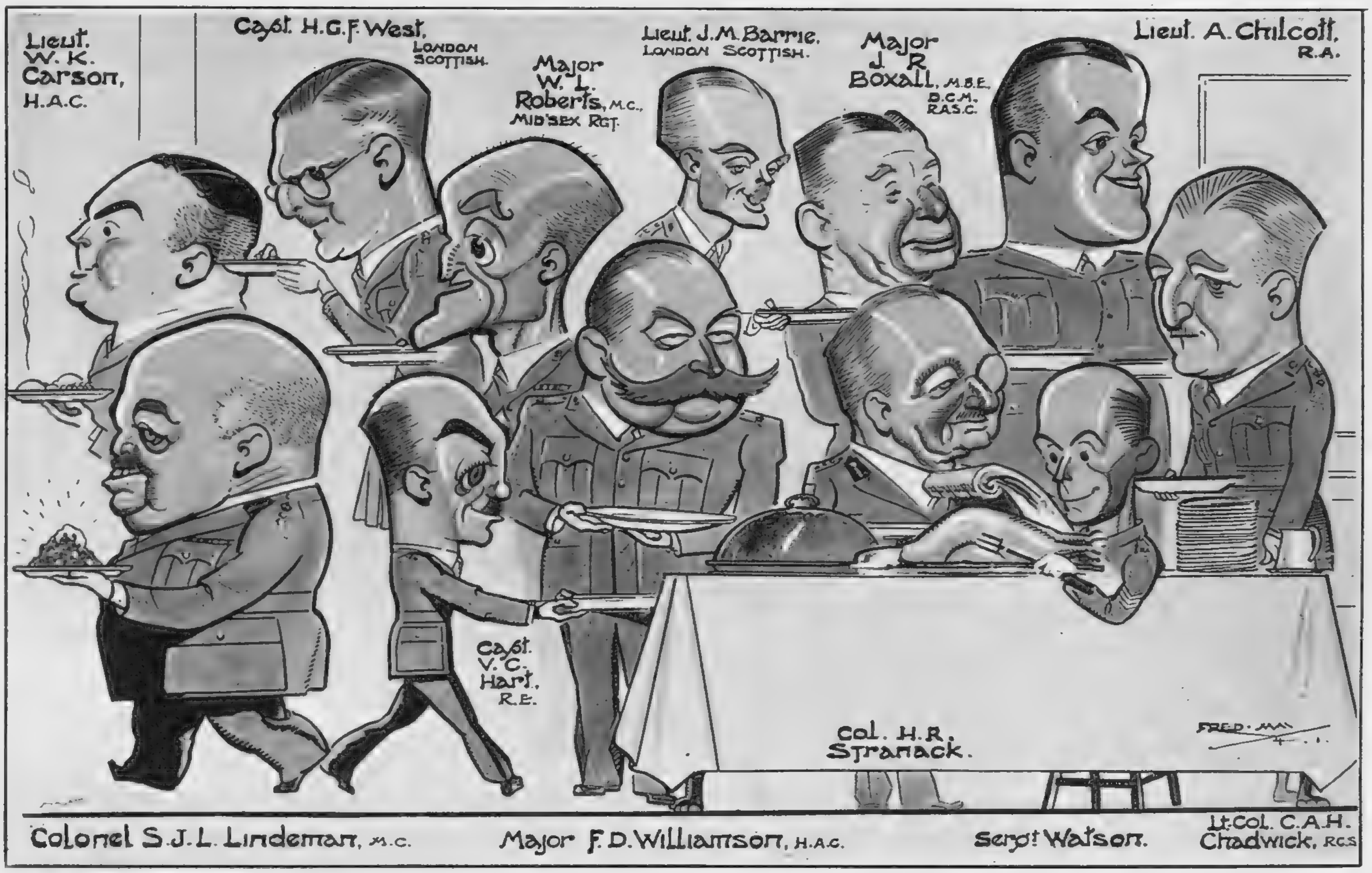
The utter destruction of civilisation, which had seemed a fantastic thing to our grandfathers, had become a commonplace of schoolboys' essays, village debating societies, and after-dinner small talk; for the first time in human history a sophisticated society faced its own extinction not theoretically in the future, but by physical death perhaps to-morrow. There was a dreadful acceptance of doom in all our eyes as we sat around, in restaurants and at conference tables and beside innumerable radios, listening and talking and drinking, the only three things to do that we could go on doing—paralysed as we were into a belief that it was too late to act, and clinging to a desperate hope that somehow the negation of an act might serve as well.

Instinctively Rainier knew that this conviction of frustration had been absent from the life he shared with Paula and the unconventional parson, Blampied; and his obscure desire to recover that blessed state for himself, and for his country, is the *leit-motif* of "Random Harvest." Mr. James Hilton is no mean master of the allegory, as "Lost Horizon" showed. But there the problem to be solved was connected with the conflict between man and Destiny; here it is between man and man; and though Mr. Hilton's diagnosis of our troubles is convincing enough, his solution, though ingenious and æsthetically plausible, is too closely bound up with a particular instance, I fear, to be applicable as a general remedy.

her marriage with the son of his bitter enemy. And there are others who need shaking up before they can realise the direction in which their natures mean them to go. And what a shaking-up they get! The night of storm and insurrection that follows the party on the island calls for all Miss Baum's power of describing confused, violent, irrevocable happenings. Here she is at her best; her imagination never flags, whether it is concerned with particular scenes, like that of the coolie running amok, or with the general impression of a breakdown in the machinery of security. Luxury and safety on the ship, shooting and tempest on the shore: how vividly and effectively they are contrasted, and how skilfully they are used to start revolutions in the natures of those involved.

**Poetry and Crime.**

Mr. Nicholas Blake's latest detective story begins with a brilliant stroke of macabre invention. Perhaps the idea of a corpse inside a snowman is not new, but it was new to me, and it gave me a feeling of uneasiness which persisted throughout the story. It is a story without a heroine—that is to say, without a live one; for Elizabeth, who would have filled the rôle, is found hanging from a beam in her bedroom at the end of the fourth chapter. Her personality, however, dominates the book, and her past life, a history of drug-taking and promiscuous love, is the mine from which Nigel Strangeways and Inspector Blount unearth many of their clues.




*Our military roundabout pauses this week at* A.-A. DIVISIONAL H.Q. *at lunchtime. They are responsible for the defences of London, and put up the anti-*Luftwaffe *barrage.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

**Love and Terror in the East Indies.**

I suppose that no one would call Miss Vicki Baum a highbrow novelist. Her work is always first and foremost an entertainment, and unless he is in what is called "holiday mood," to entertain is seldom the first object of a highbrow writer. At the same time, plenty of highbrows enjoy Miss Baum's books and are not ashamed to say so; for though she paints life in very bright colours and sometimes distorts it, she understands human nature much better than many who set out to portray it in a more serious spirit. Her latest novel, "The Ship and the Shore," is a fair though not outstanding example of her work. As in "Grand Hotel," she takes for her unit a group of people whom Chance has thrown together. The day we meet them they are to be released for an evening from their floating prison, a comfortable Dutch liner, to enjoy their freedom on an East Indian island; and as you can imagine, this night out is rich in incident, indeed for several it is the turning-point of their lives. Miss Vicki Baum has created for each a special set of circumstances. Thus Jeff is tied to her invalid father, incognito owner of the steamship line, by bonds of habit, relationship and affection—bonds that only a catastrophe could break. Only a catastrophe, too, could persuade her father to give his consent to

Drain, perhaps I should say, for it is an extremely squalid story which should, one feels, shock the relations of the dead woman, and the investigators, more than it does. Mr. Blake writes with distinction, there is poetry in his prose apart from the quotations with which he adorns it, and he is careful about characterisation: even the children are sharply individualised, and such minor figures as Hereward Restorick, owner of Easterham Manor, where the action takes place, and his capable American wife, contribute not only their evidence but their personalities to the story. "The Case of the Abominable Snowman" does not quite maintain the excitement promised in the tantalising first chapter. It is, compared with the average run of detective stories, a studio piece, a first-rate literary exercise by a writer for whom literature is more fascinating than crime.

**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

**Look! The Sun** An Anthology of Poems. Edited by Edith Sitwell. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)

**Random Harvest.** By James Hilton. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)

**The Ship and the Shore.** By Vicki Baum. (*Geoffrey Bles; 8s.*)

**The Case of the Abominable Snowman.** By Nicholas Blake. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

*The twenty-second of our* NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

Lydia Kenyon (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) with her ex-husband Tony (RAY MILLAND) in their cottage on Lighthouse Island.

In seasickness and health! Lydia finds that life afloat is not so cosy as existence on solid land, even when Jim is about to comfort her.

Lydia, weary of Tony's perpetual big-business enthusiasm, finds that her mild flirtation with divorce lawyer Jim Blake (BRIAN AHERNE) has become serious.

Jim is attentive, but Lydia's not accustomed to rough seas, and she gives herself away by involuntarily calling for her ex-husband.

Lydia and her two suitors, former husband Tony and slick young lawyer Jim. The latter really prefers a rough life afloat to land-lubbing luxury.

Seasick beauty in distress and oilskins does not strain Jim's devotion but only redoubles his affectionate concern for Lydia's welfare.

# "SKYLARK" CLAUDETTE ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

"SKYLARK," new Paramount romantic comedy due at the Plaza on Friday, October 24, is based on a Broadway success in which Gertrude Lawrence made a hit. In the picture version Claudette Colbert plays Lydia Kenyon, young married woman bored with her husband's big-business preoccupation. She gets a Reno divorce and takes up with a handsome lawyer. It's only when she goes on a rough and dangerous trip in the lawyer's boat that she realises that it's her ex-husband whom she really needs when she's frightened and seasick. In the storm sequences, the famous glamour girl of the screen shows that she can hand out slapstick pantomime in uproariously funny style. She proves, too, that she can look lovely in oilskins; but in the dry land sequences her battery of *chic* and glamour frocks is the biggest she has ever mustered in a single picture.

# DOG WATCH: A NEW STORY.*

By GEORGE STERN.

THE Old Man was adamant. " We 're no' takin' the dog," he said, for the third time, and in a tone that brooked no argument. The mood of the tall Blonde changed from one of tearful entreaty to a " don't care " defiance.

" All right," she flashed, " leave the dog and we 'll see what happens."

" Aye, we 'll see what happens ! We 'll see what happens to young women who go roamin' round foreign parts wi' the enemy on their heels when they ought to be hame lookin' after their menfolk."

" How do you know I 've got any menfolk ? " came the fierce retort ; but the Old Man was not to be drawn, and he cut short any prospective argument with a curt order to the Second Mate to take the animal ashore and " mak' awa' wi' it."

" Mak' awa' wi' it," he repeated resolutely, directing the operation to be carried out with the utmost despatch, before the Germans arrived and " poot finish to us a'."

Put finish, that was to say, to at least one British merchant ship's effort to ease the burden of a tottering France. On the need for speed all were in agreement, but on the reason for the whole sad operation—namely, the indiscriminate methods of sanitation of the last dog the Old Man had carried—the tall Blonde joined issue vigorously.

" He 's a jolly sight cleaner than your dirty decks," she challenged, and such a remark, not entirely true, might well have roused the Old Man to a white-hot passion, had he not, like a true Scotsman, determined to let no side issues interfere with the achievement of his object. And so, despite her male attire, the tall Blonde very nearly gave way to tears again as she watched the Second Mate hurrying down the gangway with the dog in his arms.

But Second Mates are nearly always men of great resource, and he of the *Scottish Enterprise* was no exception.

" Don't worry, Missie," he called out. " Used to work in a vet's—he won't suffer any pain." And his air as he hurried along the quay was hardly that of a man on a duty of death.

The Blonde gazed after him, disconsolate. The Old Man went below, still full of Scottish wrath.

An hour later, the *Scottish Enterprise* was heading for home at slightly more than her maximum of nine knots. Not a moment too soon, either, for the sound of distant explosions followed her until nightfall. And with the night came a stiff breeze—to the discomfort of the five newspaper reporters, the half-dozen travel agents, the eight Czecho-Canadian nurses, and the two-score footsore Tommies who formed the ship's first and last passenger list. But not the tall Blonde. She was tough, she was, even if only the Second Mate knew it. At midnight she was still very much on her feet, and the bridge had an irresistible appeal.

" Good evening ! " The Second Mate, peering into the darkness, hands deep in pockets, head sunk into shoulders, nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound of a female voice.

" Sh ! Don't you know you 're not allowed up here ? "

" Yes, but I 'm staying."

The Second Mate glanced uneasily at the door of the Old Man's room, then back at the Blonde. He said nothing. She stayed. Neither spoke. The slight moan of the wind and the steady " chug-chug " of the engines seemed to add to the silence.

But presently, out of the darkness, came a sound. Just a little sound ; but a very strange sound. " M-m-m-mweep-mweep-eep " it went, softly at first, but then a bit louder.

" M-m-m-mweep." The Second Mate coughed nervously, but he couldn't fool the Blonde.

" What 's that ? " she whispered excitedly, and before he could reply : " I know ! I know ! It 's my dog ; he 's crying for me ! You didn't destroy him after all. I knew you wouldn't. Where is he ! Quick ! Where is he ? "

Her voice quivered with delight. The Second Mate moved stealthily towards the after-end of the bridge deck, and almost before he could open the improvised kennel, the animal had taken an ecstatic leap into the arms of its fair owner. For a moment all was silence again. For the Blonde was too overjoyed to speak, and the Second Mate was a bit scared in case the Old Man should turn out. But the dog had no such qualms, and before long came the plaintive cry once more.

" M-m-mweep-mweep-eep."

" Can't you keep the brute quiet ? " hissed the Second Mate.

The Blonde made no reply. With ears cocked, nose stuck out unto the breeze and twitching nervously, the dog was fidgeting and crying in her lap.

" I can't understand it," she said at last. " I can't understand it."

" Can't understand what ? " enquired the Second Mate irascibly.

" Well, he only behaves like this when other dogs are about, and even then he usually only bothers with his own breed."

" Huh ! " came the scornful reply. " What breed is he, anyway ? "

" He 's a thoroughbred Schnuppfler," said the Blonde, with much dignity.

" Oh, German, eh ? "

" Well, if you want to know, he is German, and I don't care who knows it ! "

The Second Mate relapsed into silence. His hands seemed deeper in his pockets than ever, his head more sunk on his shoulders.

Suddenly he whipped round on the Blonde.

" Put him on the deck," he said.

" B-but——"

" Put him on the deck, and don't argue ! "

The Blonde obeyed. For a moment the Schnuppfler stood still, as if taking his bearings. Then he waddled his way slowly towards the rails, stuck his nose directly into the wind, and started to whimper afresh.

The Second Mate strode towards the animal ; studied it intently for a moment, and then turned briskly into the wheel-house.

The Blonde saw his head silhouetted as he bent over the binnacle light.

" Port helm ! " she heard him say.

" Port helm, Sir," repeated the quartermaster.

Slowly the ship began to swing round into the wind.

" Ease the wheel ! "

" Ease the wheel, Sir."

" Steady on nor'west ! "

" Steady on nor'west, Sir."

The Second Mate came out of the wheel-house and peered ahead again. There was no moon, and by now the breeze had built up a bank of cloud which obscured much of the starlight.

Then suddenly, for the first time since he had been at sea, he was seized with doubts and fears.

What if his theory was just nonsense ?—and, looked at coldly, he couldn't himself see much to justify it. What could he say if the Old Man came out and found the ship a good sixty degrees off her course ? He couldn't see his theory meeting with a very ready acceptance in that quarter ! Or suppose he landed up somewhere on the coast of France again and they got blown out of the water ?

He began to sweat a little at the thought of such things, and he looked down ruefully at the little brute that had started him off

[*Continued on page* 280.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"BUT I thought that First Class was now abolished," The Engineer expostulated. "How can we——"

"Sh! Careless talk, you know," and The Jobber peered cautiously around the compartment. "Do you mean to tell me that we, free citizens——"

"Who 's a Wee Free?" demanded The City Editor.

"—that we, free citizens of a liberty-loving Empire, are going to allow a war with Nazi swine to interrupt——"

"Pardon my own interruption," The Engineer apologised. "All I want to say is that supposing the Minister of Transport got to hear of this——"

"He might be moved to give us some useful hints about Home Railway stocks."

"But then, again," continued The Engineer, who always looked on the darker side of things, "he might not."

"In which case, we shall have to make up our clients' minds ourselves," The Broker decided. "And that 's not too easy a thing to do in these days."

"Still, after the boom in oil shares and the shipping market, don't you think the investor will lightly turn to thoughts of loving Home Railway stocks?"

"He has turned his thoughts in that direction already, I should say."

"And has he come to any harm by so doing?"

"No, not lately. You can say what you like, though——"

"For this relief, much thanks," quoth The Jobber.

"Say what you like, the ordinary man in the street doesn't care for Home Rails, and you won't tempt him into that market simply by pointing out the handsome yields he can get on his money from Great Western and the Brum. preferences and Berwick guaranteed."

"No doubt you 're right," agreed The Jobber. "What you have to do is to run up all the prices by ten points apiece: then you will find people falling over one another to buy the stocks they won't look at to-day."

"That 's how the oil boomlet came about," The Broker observed.

"Not to mention the rise in shipping shares."

"Well," The Broker went on, "I should feel inclined to say the shipping rise had a moderately sound foundation. The prices had fallen too low, you know."

"We didn't know, until the Cunard bonfire blazed up and illuminated the whole blessed market. That started the rise, and speculation followed it up."

"Surely to goodness Shipping shares are high enough?" The City Editor protested.

"My dear fellow, you and all your scribbling tribe have only to go on saying, after any rise, that prices are too high, for you to come home sooner or later. It 's the safest bet in journalism."

"Talking through your hat again, Brokie," The Jobber told him. "It 's going to be a long day before you see any real reaction in gilt-edged stocks, for example. They are Set Fair for duration."

"I was thinking more of the speculative things. But take some of those Kaffirs that everyone's been buying. Do you imagine that Blyvoors will stay at their present price? Certain to be a fall in them after their rise. Certain."

"I 'm not at all certain," The Engineer doubted. "It looks to me as though Blyvoor may turn out to be a winner."

"Does that justify the bag of tricks being capitalised in the market at seven or eight million pounds, at to-day's price? A mine that may require a couple of years to reach payable production. A mine——"

"Developments are pretty wonderful. It looks to me," The Engineer insisted, "as if Blyvoor is a real winner."

"I hope you 're right," The Jobber remarked. "As it happened, I got stuck with a few shares near the top, and I thought it might pay me to see it through. It 's the developing mines that are popular nowadays. People don't seem to fancy the older things, the dividend-payers."

"What they 're after is capital appreciation: dividends don't greatly matter; you pay too much in the pound on them. But there 's no tax on the profits that you make in speculation."

"You do continue to get hold of the most profound truths, don't you?" The Jobber admiringly told him. "Many of us might never have thought of that one, you know. If——"

"Now stop it, you two," The Broker interrupted. "Talking about profits, by the way, have any of you got Canadian Pacifics?"

"Not me, my lord. You can search me, if you like."

"When I wanted you to buy Canadas," The Broker calmly proceeded, "the price was round about 8. So there 's a decent profit on them now for anyone who stepped in at that time."

"You think we ought to take it?" The Merchant queried. "Don't the traffics show that the Canadian Pacific is earning a dividend on its common shares?"

"That is the case. Whether you will get a dividend or not is a very different matter. The C.P.R. is rather good at handing out surprises."

"Not always unpleasant ones. I would rather buy Canadas than sell them, in spite of the rise they 've had. And the preference stock is a cheap investment."

"Standing within a few points in price, and getting the same dividend as Cable and Wireless ordinary. Which is the better stock?"

"I know which I would rather have," said The City Editor.

"Same here," said The Jobber. "The answer is 'Both,' isn't it? Divide the money between the two, eh?"

"That wasn't my idea, but it is not a bad one. I was thinking that Cable and Wireless had the better scope for a rise, because the dividend isn't limited to 4 per cent., as it is with Canadian Pacific preference."

"Made any money out of Mex. Eagles?" asked The Merchant irrelevantly.

"I had a few, but sold them rather too soon," The Broker confessed. "Hadn't enough pluck to come back into them."

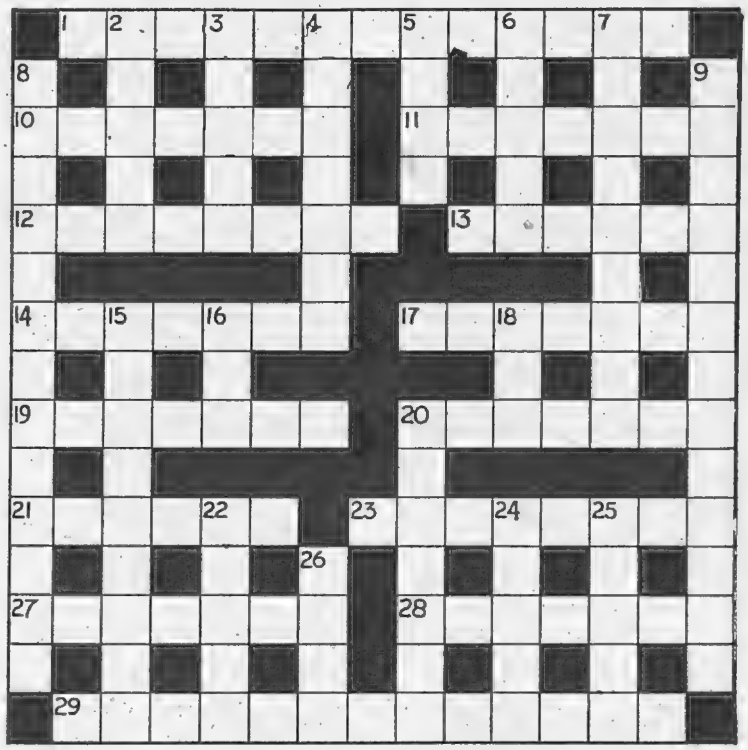
"Wonderful gamble, aren't they? I 'm told it 's right to have them, even now."

"Too sporting for me," said The Broker. "I'd prefer Anglo-Ecuadorians or Trinidad Leaseholds: safer, you know. 'Ultramars'? I 'd leave those for people better acquainted with the Company than I am —— Look at that window!"

And there, like the Cheshire Cat of "Alice in Wonderland," the words "First Class" slowly faded out, leaving not the wrack of a smile behind.

*Friday, October 17, 1941.*

## "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



### ACROSS.

1. The Prince might be this if unscrupulous (13).
10. A man who sits on a pin is not necessarily this (7).
11. Hardly applicable if wet to the skin (7).
12. Temple dedicated to all the gods (8).
13. This is taken to the Zoo (6).
14. This has a pleasant sound (7).
17. A worrying hound? (7).
19. The opposite (7).
20. In secret (anything to do with the garden?) (two words; 3, 4).
21. Three make a festival (6).
23. This document might be shown as a hint to an absent-minded host before joining the ladies (8).
27. Uncertain in movement (7).
28. ———, *i.e.*, until disturbed (7).
29. By Shakespeare (three words; 5, 2, 6).

### DOWN.

2. A clergyman who loses his head might commit this crime (5).
3. Egdon ——— (5).
4. Resisted the irresistible (7).
5. European river (4).
6. Used in fencing (5).
7. Musical term, not in an ad. (9).
8. Are royal garments mended with these? (two words; 6, 7).
9. The Walrus and the Carpenter didn't wait for the cook to make these (two words; 6, 7).
15. This dry spiced mixture gives a pleasant scent (9).
16. "To flaming youth let virtue be as wax And melt in her ——— fire."—("Hamlet") (3).
18. When this icon is crossed you must go on (3).
20. Necessary for endurance (7).
22. A matter of proportion (5).
24. Where the swallows go for the winter (5).
25. A Hunter in the skies (5).
26. Sounds lacking in originality (4).

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCTOBER 8.

ACROSS.—1. Brother-in-law. 9. Knowing. 10. Saltash. 11. Note. 12. Uncle. 13. Solo. 16. Owners. 17. Entry. 20. Still. 21. Spring. 24. Avon. 25. Perch. 26. Neat. 29. Treadle. 30. Terrier. 31. Yellow-hammer.

DOWN.—2. Roosting. 3. Twig. 4. Eugène. 5. Insolent. 6. Lull. 7. Weapon. 8. Shooting-star. 9. King of hearts. 14. Irate. 15. Crypt. 18. Alter ego. 19. Siderite. 22. Homely. 23. Scotch. 27. Idol. 28. Grim.

# A grand sight!

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## "BLACK & WHITE"

*It's the Scotch!*

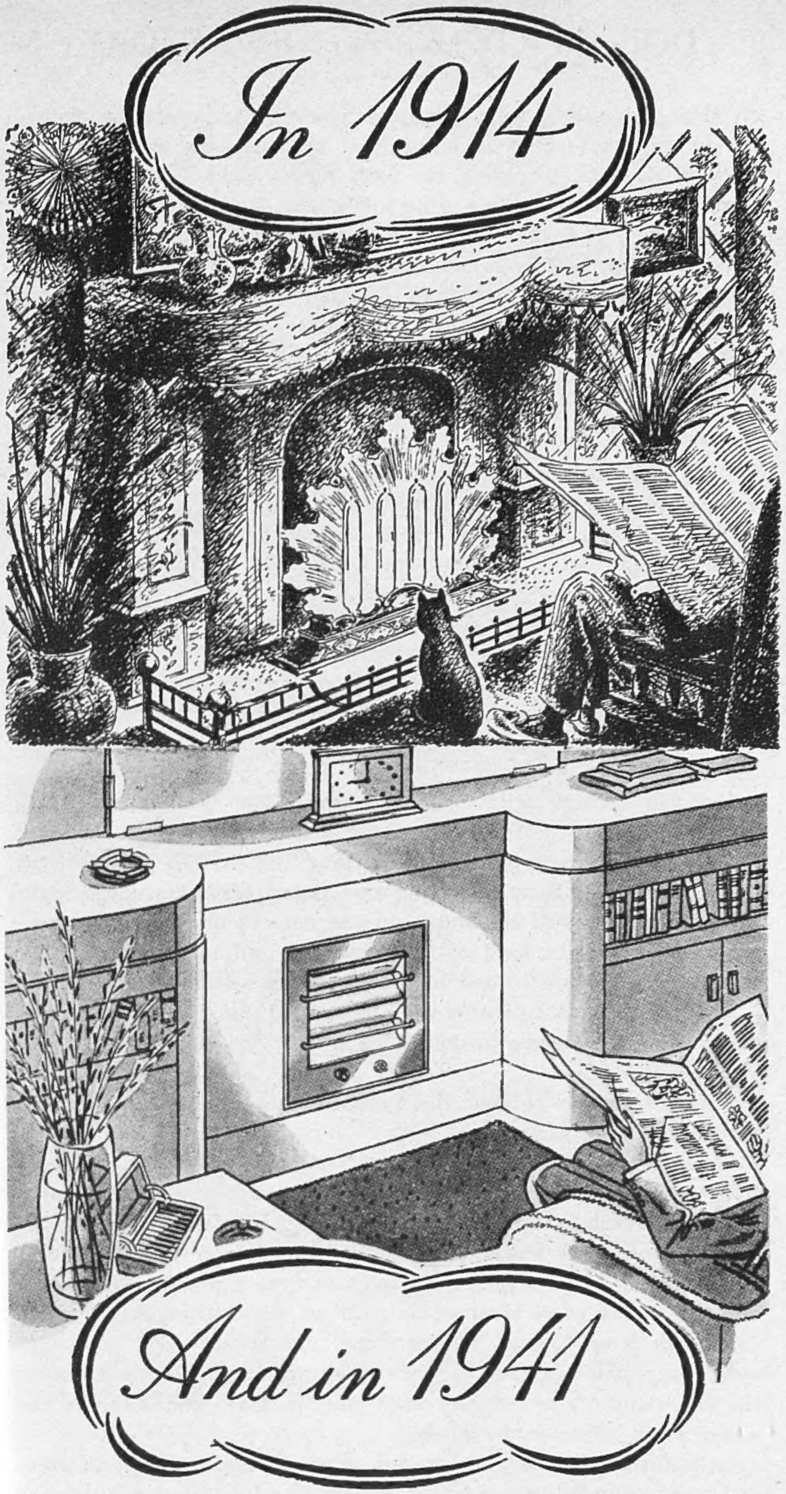
# SIMPLE WINTER FASHIONS
## IN FUR AND TWEED.

IT would be unwise not to invest in furs at the earliest opportunity, as prices are rising rapidly. Coats and their accessories must be studied on account of their wearing qualities. Natural opossum, of which this coat and hood, on the right, are made, come from Molho, 5b Duke Street, Manchester Square. They may be bought separately. Here are also to be seen, dyed squirrel wraplets, boleros and coatees.

# WOMEN IN WARTIME

INDIAN LAMB has been used by Finnigan, New Bond Street, to trim this green tweed coat; pockets emphasise the waist line. There is a short coat to harmonise and also a skirt and an infinite variety of pull-overs in cashmere and fingering. Attention must be drawn to the "slogan" scarves, including "Thumbs Up" and "Air Mail." Wrap coats for country wear have a section to themselves. They are in plain, checked, and striped tweeds, and the colours are very subdued, nevertheless cheerful.

EVERYTHING for the winter outfit may be obtained at Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly) at exceptionally moderate prices. A brochure would be sent on application. Pictured on the left is an altogether charming fancy crêpe frock with tucked bodice and short sleeves (by the way, it has gone into residence in the small-size department). The little shoulder-cape which accompanies it is of skunk dyed opossum, while the hat which completes the scheme is of felt. A feature is made of serviceable pyjamas for women in the Services.




THE quaint looking G.E.C. electric heater of 1914 is linked with its modern streamlined version by over a quarter of a century of continuous progress in the electrical industry. Science never stands still—not even in wartime—and just as the G.E.C. continued to progress through the last war, so to-day, it is keeping abreast of the latest developments and improvements in everything electrical for the home.

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A.T.S. Service Shirt, khaki 'Viyella,' with 2 collars, up to and inc. 14½" neck, 20/1d, Ties 3/-. Similarly in khaki 'Clydella' 18/3d. Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-class stores everywhere.

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*And give me extra training to get me on quickly? . .*

*And would there be any hope of getting a commission fairly soon?*

*I wonder if shorthand typists get a chance to keep their speeds up?*

*Do the cookery girls really learn catering? . .*

*Why do they want girls who've been trained saleswomen? . .*

*Could I really get into Radiolocation? . .*

*It all sounds too good to be true. I simply must go and find out more about it . . .*

***Another new draft joined us today . . .***

***They're coming in quickly now . . . but still not quickly enough . . .***

***We've got to take over more of the men's work now . . .***

***Leave more and more men free for front line training . . .***

***It's the only way we'll ever beat Hitler . . .***

***That is why the A.T.S. are doing such important work . . .***

***Surely the girls must see they've never had a chance like this before . . .***

**Post this to-day**

Address it to The Auxiliary Territorial Service, AG18/110e, Hobart House Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

**200,000 ATS urgently needed**

*Please send me full story of life in the A.T.S and details of the opportunities it offers. This does not commit me in any way.*

*Mrs/Miss.................................*

*Address.................................*

*.................................*

*Age..........(in confidence) Age limits 17½ to 43. (Parents' consent needed under 18.) Ex-Service women may volunteer up to 50.*

(Unsealed envelope, penny stamp)

*Please call and have a talk at any Employment Exchange or A.T.S. or Army Recruiting Centre. They are there to help you.*

# DOG WATCH: A NEW STORY.

(*Continued from page 281.*)

on this—this—well, this wild-goose chase! And yet—and yet—he couldn't stifle his conviction that the risk was worth taking. "We took risks, we knew we took them"—the words suddenly came into his head, didn't quite know why—must have read them somewhere. Yes, that was it, in the life of—damned if he could remember now, but it was some great explorer. "We took risks——" Yes, why shouldn't he take a risk—never get anywhere if you don't take risks. The Schnuppfler whimpered again; he bent down and stroked it tenderly—in a flash all his doubts were dispelled.

He turned to the starboard watch. "Anyone sleeping forrard now?"

"No, Sir, not now. Chippy 's taken over part as his locker, and we 're keeping stores in the rest."

"Good," said the Second Mate, and nothing more, leaving the silence again to the moan of the wind, the "chug-chug" of the engines—and the crying of the dog.

The Blonde stood by, fascinated at what had been going on; and meanwhile the ship drew a few good miles nearer to home. But the whimpering had grown louder, and the Blonde was beginning to feel just a little apprehensive—although of what she didn't quite know. "Rather dark now," she ventured, seeking comfort in conversation.

But her remark fell upon deaf ears. The Second Mate was interested not in beauty, but in the beast. For he was bending low over the Schnuppfler now, catching the excited gleam of his eyes, watching his body twitch, his ears cocked, his nose stuck straight towards the bows of the ship, and the note in his voice becoming almost human in a kind of half-yearning, half-anticipation.

The Second Mate turned to the starboard watch again.

"Get right up into the bows," he rapped out, "keep your eyes skinned, and be ready to double back."

"Aye, aye, Sir!"

"And you," he ordered the Blonde, "get over there—right to the back of the bridge."

She obeyed. For the Second Mate's attitude gave her no alternative. It was the attitude of a man in complete command of a situation which was going according to his plans. He glanced down momentarily at the dog and whistled softly.

"That dog," he muttered, for the first time expressing his theory aloud, "knows more than we do. There 's something in the——"

But the word "wind" never came. For the Second Mate had eyes like a hawk, and as he looked forrard again, he didn't need the look-out's cry to tell him what was the long, low shape on the water about three cables ahead.

"Give me the wheel," he yelled at the helmsman in exultation, and as he bounded into position, his left hand shot out and pressed the alarm-bell. As if by magic, human beings began to issue from all parts of the ship.

"What is it, Mister?" roared the voice of the Old Man from the darkness, and above the din of "stations," above the shouting of orders, above all the noise that a ship in action can produce, came the answer in one great shuddering, thundering "cra-a-ash!"

Four days later, with large-type heading, the *Morning News* carried this paragraph on its front page:

DOG DESTROYS U-BOAT.

AMAZING COINCIDENCE.

The full story of the exploit of the now famous *Scottish Enterprise* was told yesterday afternoon when she docked at a West Coast port for repairs to her badly damaged bows. Among the survivors of her rammed U-boat victim was the crew's pet dog—a rare Schnuppfler, whose presence, detected by another dog of the same breed on board the *Scottish Enterprise*, led directly to the U-boat's destruction. The Second Mate, who said, "We were about five hours——"

"I dinna care what he said," growled the Old Man. "He disobeyed ma' orders an' that 's no' a proper thing for any Second Mate to do!"

[THE END.

**T***hey're economising at the Working Party . .*

but they're still enjoying the best biscuits — and so can you, by getting Peek Frean's whenever you can. These popular-priced biscuits are the best that a little money can buy. *Five O'clock*, for instance, cost only 9d. a lb., *Lincoln Cream* 1/2. And every biscuit made by Peek Frean's has the reputation of a famous firm behind it.

You may have the usual war-time difficulty in getting Peek Frean's, but please be patient and keep on trying.

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BISCUITS ★ FROM AS LITTLE AS 9D A POUND (Controlled Prices)

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**"A way they have in the Navy" . . .**

A gentleman who was one of our most respected civilian customers appeared on our threshold, trimly clad in blue and gold, and announced that he was "a rough, tough, seafaring chap" who'd "stepped ashore to buy a bridge coat and look slippy about it." This was no sooner said than done. "How you people keep up your pre-war standards of speed and efficiency beats me," were his parting words. Indeed, we do our modest best, not only in the way of ready-to-wear greatcoats for the Senior Service but everything for officers in all three Services. "Ready for *immediate* wear" is no exaggeration at Moss Bros.

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★ *The SILLMENT Seal, exclusive to Champion, prevents gas-leakage.*

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## AIR MAIL—PAR AVION

Dear Hawkins :

Last time I was Home on leave you expressed a wish to accompany me as batman " if the necessary strings could be manipulated, as it were ". Unfortunately, they couldn't, and my frugal wants are ministered to by a batman who was, in private life, a professional strong man in a circus. A most excellent man, but lacking both flair and temperament for making a really capable valet.

Will you believe it, Hawkins, when I tell you that he'd never heard of Rose's Lime Juice, and actually thought that a hangover was a term used by performers on the flying trapeze ? Needless to say, *that* gap in his education has already been made good.

We can get plenty of Rose's Lime Juice out here, but I doubt if it flows very plentifully at Home these days. Still, do lay in a few bottles if you can — they will come in handy for the victory celebrations !

Glad to hear you've got your three stripes in the H.G.

Best wishes,

Yours sincerely, G. de St. G.

**There is no substitute for ROSE'S Lime Juice**